

Rescue My Heart

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Rescue My Heart

by [BlueSkiedandClear](#)

Summary

Hannibal and Will are an Alpha/Omega very happily married couple, and Hannibal is the Pack Leader of the Wolf Trap's pack. They have just welcomed their first born, when another Alpha threatens their peace.

So much domestic bliss, shameless love, woods walkings, Hannibal with long hair and no suits. No murder, no cannibalism, just a bit of wolfish violence.
And a pinch of angst, but very light.

Notes

I literally dreamed Hannibal and Will in woods with a baby, and this happened. It's just a soft and light divergence from darkness.

It's sweet. A lot. I dare to say cheesy.

Anyway, always remember I'm not English native speaker, so please let me know about mistakes.

Enjoy the sugar.

1.

Maybe being born on a rainy day brought good luck. Hannibal had no idea, but since Mischa was born, it hadn't stopped raining for a moment.

A cold, but gentle rain, typical of that period that stood in-between autumn and winter, when Halloween has just passed and you have to start thinking about Christmas.

Dozens of gifts would come for Mischa, maybe something for him and Will. He couldn't wait to have them both home.

He focused on the drops that fell into long tears on the windshield, attentive to the road, while Jack's solid and reassuring presence by his side helped him not to wander too far. In the days gone by he had been as shrouded in stun.

"Being a parent is like that." Everyone had assured him, but for Hannibal Lecter happiness was still a misleading feeling.

He thought he had reached the limit when he met Will. He could not, humanly, believe that he could be more blessed. As a smile was drawn on his lips, he recalled their first encounter.

After years at Wolf Trap, Hannibal believed he knew who all the members of his pack were, but he was wrong. Will Graham had returned without saying anything to anyone, and lived on a property on the outskirts of the territory with seven dogs and no interest in community affairs at all. At least until Jack Crawford, Pack Leader before Hannibal, took him to work with him.

An Omega does not go unnoticed even if he wants it, and it was at that point that the first rumors about him had come to the Pack Leader, who had taken his car to the Crawford workshop only out of curiosity.

If there was one thing he could never forget, it was the smell that struck him, when the boy, in a suit, disheveled and with his hands dirty with motor oil, appeared to check his engine. Under the oil and the kerosene, the Alpha smelled pine, dog fur, and the aroma of a very horrendous aftershave.

They looked at each other, and before they knew it, they were making out against the discolored wall of the workshop.

It had been a crash, the most trivial definition of love at first sight, certainly aggravated by the state of heat in which Will was, but the animal instinct had still had to yield to human rationality. Hannibal had stroked his hair between kisses, let slip endearments in his native tongue, gazed in his eyes in an incredible shade of blue and as soon as he regained control, as a perfect Alpha, he had fallen to his knees in front of Will and begged him to be able to court him.

Courtship for Alphas was still a topic of extreme seriousness, especially if towards an Omega, male or female that it was: first of all, he had to prove that he could provide materially for the well-being of the companion, offering him meals and giving gifts.

In the city, he would take him to the restaurant, but in the rural woods, Hannibal cooked for Will personally, and again after ten years, he boasted with their friends that he had won his heart with a venison entrecôte and rosehip sauce.

Will would never admit it, but it was true.

The gifts had also arrived: a cashmere scarf, a double-breasted coat, silk underwear, jewelry and embroidered robes for when the feminine side of its secondary gender showed up.

The second part of the courtship, Hannibal knew, was the one Will had most hated, but he wouldn't give up. It had been, in fact, the cause of their first real quarrel, resolved only when Hannibal had promised not to brag too much and not to hurt himself unnecessarily.

The law was designed to prevent deaths during the struggles, but sometimes it could happen, especially outside the official circuits of large urban centers.

Hannibal had never participated in a courtship fight, and was not really willing to kill, at least until he saw his challenger.

Matthew Brown was a veteran of the mating arenas, whom he frequented only out of brashness, never claiming the Omega he fought for. Hannibal hated guys like him, loosen cannons that fit into rituals that were perhaps old-fashioned, but necessary, with no respect for the people involved.

To make matters worse, Brown said he was ready to claim Will if he won, and Hannibal didn't need any more motivation to want him out of the way.

He still vividly remembered the concern on Will's face, so adored, before he went down to the clearing, and mostly he remembered what he had told him:

" If you get killed, Hannibal, I will never forgive you. You can't leave me alone, not like that.
"

They had kissed desperately, and Hannibal had hesitated. It was a formality, after all, he didn't have to do it. But he was an Alpha and he was a Pack Leader, honor and reputation required it. Despite the modernity of the 21st century, the world of Alpha and Omega was still a strange, wild place.

Brown had his torso covered in tribal tattoos and scars inflicted by the tusks and claws of other Alphas, which shone in the light of the bonfire and moon, as clear as a bone, like white signatures. There were Alpha on which the animal side prevailed, and he was certainly one of them.

Hannibal responded with composure to the handshake, more like an iron grip, which they exchanged and prepared to free the wolf within him. The canines slipped a few centimeters out of the gums, sharpening, his nails bent, and the reason receded into the primordial areas of the brain.

There was blood, and a lot. The teeth sank deeply, breaking the skin and tearing the flesh. Brown was younger and faster, but Hannibal Lecter was smarter: he tired him, taking punches and kicks as if he didn't feel them, then pointed to his legs. He missed the first assault, but succeeded in the second, knocking him down with all his weight. He squeezed his fingers around his throat, trying to knock him unconscious, but Brown was stubborn. He played dirty, throwing ground in his eyes and leaping at him, biting him in the jugular.

Hannibal still seemed to hear Will's anguished cry, in the crowd around him.

It was like receiving an electric shock: he found the strength to shake him off and lock him with his elbow around his neck:

" Surrender! " Hannibal hissed in his ear, clutching hard enough to take his breath, but Matthew Brown flashed a grin before pulling out the knife.

Hannibal was faster this time: he broke his neck bone before the blade approached his flesh, and let his opponent go to the ground.

He heard only the voice of his herd, before Will ran into his arms with such energy that he dropped backwards.

" I'm yours, now and forever. I'm yours, Hannibal. " He whispered frantically, kissing him all over his face, getting blood soaked up.

Since Brown had violated the rules by trying to use a weapon, Hannibal was not subjected to any measures and not only proved to be worthy of the Omega he had chosen, but renewed the respect the Wolf Trap herd felt for him.

Will and Hannibal married six months later, exchanging the three promises and the cup of wine and milk between the beech trees of the clearing, in the light of a much happier bonfire and a less disturbing moon.

It had been ten years of full moons, snowfalls, sunny days on the river, thunderstorms creaking trees, always in each other's arms.

They had waited for children: Will wanted to study and work, Hannibal wanted him for himself, so they had enjoyed the heat periods for what they were, days and days of intense and extremely fulfilling sex, pampering and intimacy.

Now, though, they were ready.

Hannibal parked in front of the hospital, feeling so drunk with joy that he couldn't stop smiling. Jack noticed him, but said nothing, smiling to himself.

Will was already in a sweater and sweatpants, sitting on the bed with his bag ready and his gaze so focused on the crib that he didn't even turn it around when he heard them coming in.

He only collected himself when he felt Hannibal's hand on his back:

“Good morning, sweetheart. ”

“ Hello, love. She's asleep. ”

He informed him, leaning over for a kiss on his lips, then said:

" We're fine, both of us. I'm just waiting for the papers to dismissal. "

" Good." Hannibal looked relieved, but he still seemed not entirely calm, though Will had never seen him so radiant.

" I'm going to exchange a few words with Chilton. Excuse me ”. He took leave, after a brief squeeze on Will's shoulder and a long look at the baby.

Jack hugged Will:

" Everyone is looking forward to seeing you. It's very much that a child isn't born in the community. She's Omega, Hannibal told me. " He said, in a light tone.

Will smiled:

" An Omega female, every parent's dream. " He confirmed, slightly ironically. He barely shook his head, swaying his chocolate curls and added:

" She will have an easier life than I had. "

Jack nodded:

" Especially because she has you as parents. Hannibal loves her. "

Will's face lit up:

" I know."

A slight knock at the door of the room made them turn both. Hannibal and the doctor, Chilton, came in and the latter chose papers from the folder:

“ William Alexis Graham and Mischa Jelena Lecter-Graham. ” He said, handing them to Will:

" All right. Congratulations. " He took leave. Hannibal thanked him with a nod, then devoted himself completely to his family. He took the crib with his daughter and helped his husband get up, while Jack carried the bag and umbrella.

In the back seat of the car, with Hannibal's arm around his waist, Will continued to contemplate the cradle as if he could not believe his eyes.

" I had no idea your neutral name was Alexis, Will. " Jack joked, from the front.

He grimaced:

" I keep it well hidden. I never liked it. " He replied.

Hannibal looked at him:

"I find it fits you." Defender." I like it, it describes you well. " He retorted, laying a kiss in his hair. Will suffocated a little laugh and lingered at his touch.

" Jelena, where does it come from?" Jack asked again.

" It's Helena's Slavic form, but it also means “ Deer ”. " Hannibal replied and added:

" I'm afraid I've had a monopoly on names. Next time I will leave Will solid, Anglo-Saxon names. " He promised.

This time they laughed both, and Will grimaced:

" What makes you think I want another child?" He asked, provocatively.

" You are only thirty-two years old and you are perfectly capable of generating other offspring. I was afraid Chilton wasted you. Hannibal said.

Will frothed:

" Chilton may not be a genius, but he's not even a butcher. " He retorted, a little riled.

Hannibal merely raised an eyebrow, but did not insist:

" What matters is that you're okay. " Concluded. Will laid his head on his shoulder and closed his eyes, his hand on Mischa's blanket.

When they got to Wolf Trap, Will and the little girl were still asleep and Hannibal had to wake the first one gently and be careful not to wake the second. Will would have been happy to sleep in the car, but of course Hannibal was more reasonable.

He accompanied them into the house, and Will sat on the couch, wrapped in his favorite blanket, blue and white, looking lazily at his husband who thanked Jack, laid Mischa in the

crib and prepared his tea.

He accepted the steaming mug and smiled, half asleep, as Hannibal sat behind him, hugging him from behind and stroking his hair:

" I like them long. " He commented, sliding his fingers between the curls, which fell now beyond his shoulders.

Will snorted:

" It was just a whim of pregnancy. But if you want, I keep them that way. You can weave them, like I do with you." He proposed, in a sleepy tone, and caught between two fingers one of Hannibal's long ash-streaked blond locks.

He heard him smiling against his neck as nuzzled it. God, how much he missed being like this, together.

The last month of pregnancy had been a bit annoying, and Hannibal had refused to touch him, for fear of treating him too rough. Will had almost wept with joy when he had held his hand in the delivery room.

He tilted his head over his shoulder, eager to stay as close to him as possible, cursing the layers of wool and cashmere that separated them. He dropped his cup of tea and took his face in his hands, luring him into a kiss. Hannibal sighed between his lips and let his tongue slide against his, braiding the fingers of one hand between his hair and stroking his chest with the other. Will groaned slightly, as his fingers touched the roundness of a pec, which became a real breast during pregnancy, and turned to embrace him properly, his arms chained behind his neck, his mouth looking for his incessantly.

" I missed you so much, love. " He whispered, between kisses.

"And I, you, sweetheart." Hannibal replied, stroking his back with increasing passion.

Will weaved his legs around his hips, descending from his mouth to his neck, removing his sweater from his head and leaving a trail of small kisses along his chest:

" I want you." He murmured, untying his trouser belt, but Hannibal stopped him gently:

" Do you feel ready, sweetheart? You gave birth three days ago... and the baby... " He began, but Will silenced him with another kiss:

" You haven't touched me for more than a month, and I'm keeping an eye on the baby monitor while I try to make love to you, my husband. " He declared, with bright eyes. He felt the slick begin to moisten its insides and its pulsating sex, already half stiffened.

He freed Hannibal's cock, beginning to stroking it and managing to get a moan from him:

“ Let's be fast, love. I need you, then I'm going to feed our daughter. But now I need you, Hannibal, desperately. ” He begged.

Hannibal growled, biting his throat, licking the mating mark and cupped his cheeks, widening his legs to make space for him. Will sighed, guiding his cock inside himself and feeling Hannibal starting to thrust relentlessly.

Will buried his face in his hair, mouthing the ash-blond locks and suffocating his moans. Hannibal sank his teeth in his shoulder for the same reason, keeping an overwhelming pace, trying to make him come and come himself as fast as possible.

Will blurted a shaky moan, coming at last, and sighing sated as Hannibal's come started to fill him. His husband slipped out from him before he could knot and took some heavy breaths, holding him tightly. Will kissed his temple, his jaw:

“ I love you so much, so much, honey... ” He praised, softly.

Hannibal stroked his face and kissed him deeply:

“ And I, you, sweetheart. Come, let's clean ourselves and let's have a look on Mischa. She must be hungry. ” He reminded him, tenderly.

Will nodded and loosened from him gently, retrieving a couple of towels from the bathroom and handing out one to Hannibal, who thanked him and cleaned himself efficiently.

Eventually tidied and balling up his sweatpants, underwear and sweater, Will glanced at the cradle and noticed that Mischa was finally awake.

“ My baby is hungry, huh? Come, darling. ” He said, holding her and cradling her gingerly.

Will was very aware of being totally naked, but he didn't fret in covering himself: he sat on the couch and began to breastfeed his baby, humming softly.

He was so focused, that he startled when he felt something laid down gently on his shoulders: Hannibal had retrieved his blue and white blanket and draped it around them. Then, silently, he sat on the opposite side of the couch and admired his husband and daughter with stars in his eyes, literally.

Will smiled shyly to him, caressing slowly the baby as she ate:

“ What do you see, love? ” He asked, in a light tone.

Hannibal considered for a while, before answering:

“ Something so earthly and divine I cannot express. In this very moment, Will, you're both sacred and human like only a lover could be. I really cannot believe in my good fate. You've never been more beautiful, my love. ”

Will bit his bottom lip, astounded. He drop his head for a second, gazing his child, and then:

“ Would you like to hold her, love? ” Asked.

“ I would like it very much, sweetheart. ” Hannibal replied.

Watching him handling their daughter as she was the most precious thing in the world, filled his heart with such a joy, that it threatened to crush his heart.

Instead, Will wrapped himself more tightly in the blanket and watched his family, until tiredness brought him to sleep.

2.

Chapter Notes

So, let me explain how this A/O world works, in general.

There are not Betas. All the characters you see are or Alpha or Omega.

Alpha Male and Omega Female are basically the cisgenders, while Omega males and Alpha females have some traits of genderfluidity (it's the correct term, I don't know).

It's just a fantasy, nothing in this claims to be an accurate depiction of genderfluid people, so take it for what it is.

And yes, they have some animal traits (fangs, claws, etc) and some animal instincts. I did not put the focus on scent, as usual, but it was not deliberate. The fic writes itself, and I follow.

I hope you enjoy the fluff, the smut and a bit of plot.

Lots of love

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Will woke up alone, so cozy and warm, and not willing to move at all, until his stomach rumbled. He realized that he totally skipped dinner, but he managed to get up to breastfeed Mischa anyway, during the night.

Hunger struck him fiercely, and Will forced himself to crawl out from the bed, and go in search of his husband and daughter. He stopped to the bathroom, first, and glanced at his image in the mirror: there was something lavish in his unruly curls, but maybe it was only the memory of Hannibal's long fingers through them. On the other hand, the rest of his face was a ruin: he had awful dark circles under his eyes and he missed his stubble, although he liked the starkly feminine appearance, which pregnancy gave him. It should not be so difficult to preserve, he presumed.

After all, Hannibal showed clearly to like it very much.

And, last but not least, Will found himself more at ease like this, rather than with a masculine look. It never occurred to him to experience a gap between his main gender and the secondary one, but he knew very well that it was a common issue among male Omegas, especially during pregnancy.

“ Oh, screw it. ” He cursed, rushing for a quick shower, and draping his mint green robe above a satin nightgown which he chose very carefully.

The sizzle from the kitchen was a very welcoming melody, but not as much as the vision of his husband with a bowl full of pancake batter and a ladle, muttering some Lithuanian lullaby.

Hannibal turned to greet him, skillfully flipping a pancake, and kissed him briefly, before focusing again on his task.

Will stroked his back for a moment, and then approached the crib of Mischa, who was awake, but very calm.

“ She cries very rarely. ” Hannibal claimed, pouring some batter in the pan.

“ Yeah, even in hospital, she was so silent... I confess I get a bit worried, but the nurses assured me she was perfectly fine. ” Will replied, trying not to sound too apprehensive.

He felt the stare of Hannibal on him, and raised his head, but he was smiling:

“ She is. It' s fine to be a little anxious, she's your first born. ” Hannibal heartened him, but Will frowned slightly:

“ Don't psychoanalyze me, Alpha. ” He warned him, who smiled:

“ I would never dare, sweetheart. Would you like to have your breakfast? ” Asked, in an illusory change of subject.

“ Very much. What you made me? ” Will replied, taking a sit to the kitchen island, just beside the crib.

“ Pancakes, apples and cinnamon. And tea, of course. ”

Will bit his bottom lip:

“ You spoil me. ”

“ I love to. ”

For a while, they ate in a relaxed silence, then Hannibal took up again:

“ If you have any worry about Mischa... I would like if you speak to me about, Will. ”

Will sighed, setting down his cup:

“ I'm not anxious, love. I just feel a bit... insecure, sometimes. ” He confessed, flushing.

Hannibal looked at him with a very soft expression:

“ It's ok, sweetheart. I am here, we have plenty of friends. And you are doing great. Just take your time, and trust me. ” He said, in the reassuring tone which Will loved so dearly, taking one of his hands.

Hannibal always had a certain way to make him feel safe, cherished, cared. Will clinged on him, a bit miserably, perhaps, but he shut down his overthinking and relished in the moment.

Hannibal raised his knuckles to kiss them and smiled slightly:

“ You know, I was a very quiet child myself. Maybe Mischa just resembles me. ” He said.

Will giggled:

“ I can imagine. I hope she has your cheekbones, besides your moody demeanor. ” He joked, but not entirely.

His husband laughed:

“ I am perfectly satisfied that she has your stunning eyes. ” He teased, in a flattering tone.

They stared for a moment, then Will leaned forward for a deep kiss across the table. They lingered for a while, but Mischa started to whimper quietly, and immediately Will took her in his arms, holding her on his heart, whispering endearments.

He glimpsed at the clock above the door to the patio, and bared a breast to feed her, leaned against the doorjamb.

He was aware of Hannibal contemplating them in total awe, and gazed at him, asking:

“ What do you see, love? ”

Hannibal didn't replied: he stood up and went outside the kitchen, as if he was searching something. Will heard him rummaging in the chest of drawers in the living room, and returning in the kitchen.

Will could not held a chuckle, when he saw the sketchbook and the pencil:

“ Are you going to draw us? ”

“ If only you could see how glorious you are in this morning light. A gilded Madonna. I wish I had a crown of stars to give you. Or roses. ” Hannibal retorted, in a dreamy voice, beginning to sketch.

Will shut up, flushed, and focused again on the chubby face of his baby. Her hair looked like they were going to be ash-blonde. He hoped so.

After a while he had to sit, and Hannibal collected for him a chair with a pillow, to allow him to stay more comfortable but in the same place. For some time, the only sounds they could hear were the scratch of the pencil on paper and the soft nursing of Mischa, then Will cleared his throat:

“ Hannibal, do you really find me still good-looking? ” He inquired, shyly.

The Alpha froze and gazed at him, disbelieving:

“ I've always found you more than gorgeous, sweetheart, but now you're celestial. ” He promised, frowning a little:

“ There's something wrong, Will? ” He asked, concerned.

“ It's nothing, really. I was just wondering if you like me with this appearance. I've never felt so strong my Omega side. Neither during heats. ” Will explained, embarrassed.

Hannibal pondered his reply:

“ I would like to say that's fine, but you'll probably snap at me, so, I prefer to say that mint green suits you lovely, my dear. ” He declared.

Will parted his lips, feeling tears stinging his eyes. Damn pregnancy hormones.

“ Thank you. ” He said, deeply grateful.

Hannibal smiled at him, and resumed his drawing.

In minutes, Mischa got finally satiated and Will cradled her to sleep. Once tucked her in the crib, Will weaved his arms around Hannibal's shoulders and kissed his loose hair. As he drew, Will began to style them in a fishtail braid, as usual.

Will didn't know Hannibal when he became Pack Leader, but Jack and Bella always told him that he had even longer hair, which looked like a lion's mane. He was slightly lither at that time and starved, too.

His heart clenched everytime he thought about Hannibal's past. Combing his fingers between the locks, he wondered how wild Hannibal must have looked like.

It was the fate of exiled Alphas, in truth, but in his case, it was crueler.

There was no civilized society which allowed the murder of a Pack Leader anymore, but Hannibal was born in difficult times, using his own words.

His family was attacked by a group of Alpha, who killed his parents and his sister, too. He survived only because he seemed dead.

When, years later, he arrived in Wolf Trap, another country, another continent, he was not motivated to claim a pack: he was a doctor, a musician, an artist, he borrowed his expertise to the community.

Which accepted him with hesitancy, at first. He was just a wanderer Alpha, with a full backpack, good jeans, good leather shoes, a very fine coat and that mane of ash-blond hair.

His smoky accent, vaguely French, but mostly totally unknown, could speak about hunting, but also Italian poetry, classic music, heart diseases and salting techniques.

The Wolf Trap pack became enamoured of that foreigner quickly, and the conquest was complete when he saved the life of their leader, Jack Crawford, from a very vicious, wild Alpha, not different from the butchers who murdered the Lecters.

Will saw Hannibal covered in blood three times, during their marriage: one was the mating fight, and two were when a pair of bold Alphas thought challenging Hannibal too carelessly.

Jack Crawford remembered the fight against Hobbs in a very gore way, and never lingered in details, but a part of Will was happy of not being present at that time.

Will loved his fierce and proud Alpha, and he felt nothing but safe in his presence, but he felt also weird in knowing that he had such power on his mate, still a wild creature in his core, capable of killing as much as to cherish him like the light of his life.

He kissed his temple, with a low sigh:

“ I would be totally lost without you, do you know? ”

“ I do. And it's both a terrifying and a beautiful awareness. He reminds me my mortality, and the luck I had in finding you, sweetheart. ” Hannibal replied, blowing away the pencil dust from the paper:

“ This is what I see, when I look at you, Will. ” He said, showing him the finished drawing.

The rendering of the light was amazing, it erased almost all the details and pointed out a general image of beauty: the slim figure in drapes and dark curls, with a baby in its arms could be anyone, but there was such a reverence, that it was clearly a beloved being, seen through worshipping eyes.

Will put carefully the drawing back on the kitchen island, took the face of his lover in his hands and kissed him, trying to load the kiss with all the gratitude, love, affection, desire and respect he felt for his mate, his paddle, his earthly deity.

Hannibal slowly slid his arms around his waist, holding him close, and returned his kisses with tenderness and lust, licking inside his mouth, nipping slightly his lips:

“ *Quanto ti amo, tesoro mio.* ” He whispered, when they moved apart to breath. Will huffed, feeling the arousal growing in his loins, at his husband flattering him in foreign languages.

He stroked his neck and back:

“ Bring me to bed, please. Yesterday night was just a tease. ” He begged in an utterly tempting voice.

Hannibal nuzzled his throat, brushing the mating mark, and then locked an arm behind his shoulders and the other under his knees, raising him in a bridal style hold:

“ As my lady wishes. ” He joked, but Will's heart skipped a beat.

He remained silent, while Hannibal was laiding him on their bed, and told him:

“ I'm taking Mischa to the nursery, after I'll be all yours, sweetheart. ”

Will nodded, turned on, confused and burning in anticipation, and stripped of the robe, the nightgown and underwear quickly, preposterously eager. *My Lady*.

Only when his husband stretched on him and began to bite his collarbone, Will got back his ability to speak:

“ Say that again, love, please...” He begged.

Keeping on kissing him, Hannibal asked, in a rough voice, breath increasing quickly:

“ What, honey? ”

“ Call me “ Lady ” again. ”

Hannibal paused just to stare in his eyes, awestruck, and then dug his fingers into his hair:

“ All you want, my lady, my girl, empress of my soul. ” He praised.

Will felt a lash of pleasure shaking his entire body and laid his head back, closing his eyes and weaving his legs around Hannibal's waist. He pressed him closer, kissing every inch of skin he could reach, and closed a hand around his sex and rim.

Will tensed, shaking, moaning softly and weaved his arms around his shoulders:

“ Take me, love, take me. ” He implored.

The only response Hannibal could provide was a ravenous growl: he pushed in his slicked insides with a finger, sliding smoothly and pressed back and forth with a firm pace. He kept kissing his throat, while spreading his legs gently.

Will moaned and stroked himself a bit:

“ I need you inside me, please, Alpha. ”

Hannibal licked and bit his thighs, while adjusting his position. He heard Will sighing loudly, when he teased his rim with the tip of his cock:

“ May I make love to you, my lady? ” He asked, in a whisper.

“ Do it, my Alpha, I'm begging you. ” Was the answer, whimpering and broken.

Hannibal could not repress a smile of pride and possession, meanwhile sinking in the body of his beautiful, untamed Omega.

“ Like that, love, yeah... ” Will babbled, helplessly, holding him tight, rocking at the cadence of his thrusts.

Hannibal moaned, burying his face in the curve of his neck and lifting his legs to penetrate deeper, tearing off a scream from him.

Will arched his back, sweating, trembling, digging his fingers in his back, savouring every delicious hit to his prostate:

“ My love, I'm so close...” He moaned, fisting around his shoulders to avoid touching himself, his neglected cock rubbing between their bodies.

Hannibal growled again, slamming inside him relentlessly:

“ Come for your Alpha, sweet Omega.” He urged Will, who groaned and felt his cock leaking, the climax flooding him as flaming lava.

He laid boneless, sated and panting, as Hannibal kept thrusting, to reach his orgasm, and moaned softly, feeling his cum filling him, at last.

As the night before, his husband slid gently outside him before knotting and lied beside him, breathing heavily, their ears full of their mutual heartbeats.

After a while, Will moved and hugged Hannibal, laying his head on his chest:

“ I missed you so much, love. You were so sweet. ” He murmured, while Hannibal stroked his long hair:

“ All I wish is to please you, sweetheart. I liked calling you with that endearments. ” He declared.

“ I felt different, almost weird. For the first time, I sensed a difference between us. I see myself as a woman.” Will confessed, a bit overwhelmed.

“ This displeases you? ” Asked Hannibal.

“ Not really. It's only new.” Was the answer.

“ Well, maybe we should just enjoy it together. ” Hannibal suggested, in a light tone.

Will laughed:

“ Just say you damn like fuck me, while I am so soft and pliant. ”

Hannibal raised a brow:

“ You are pretty demanding on your part, sweetheart. ” He retorted, in a dignified tone.

Will kept smiling, while checking the baby monitor. Mischa was fine.

He was stretching and recovering his robe from the floor, when Hannibal's pager started beeping. Will made a disbelieving sound, as Hannibal took the call. He put the speakerphone, and Jack's voice filled their bedroom:

“ Sorry to bother you in the morning, Doc. ' Morning, Will. ” He apologized.

“ Hi, Jack.” Will greeted him, while Hannibal asked:

“ What's going on, Jack? Some trouble? ”

“ The cameras in the northern border reported an intruder. ” He answered.

Hannibal frowned:

“ It's a U.A.M ? ” He inquired.

“ He's a male, at least from appearance. But the cameras recorded him checking the trees. ”

Hannibal and Will shared a look: that meant a wanderer Alpha, probably looking for a pack. If he wanted to integrate in it or claim it, it had to be seen.

“ I'm on my way. Thank you, Jack.” Hannibal said, and turned off the pager. Will looked at him, pressing his lips. He was clearly worried.

Hannibal left the bed and headed toward the bathroom:

“ Take a shower, sweetheart. And call Margot or Bella. Maybe both is for the best. ” He said, grabbing the bathrobe and turning on the water.

Will glanced at him with his arms crossed:

“ I don't need protection, Hannibal. ” He scolded.

“ I am not very fond of the idea of a rival Alpha hanging around my mate and my newborn child. ”

Hannibal replied, stepping under the jet.

Will sighed and started searching some clothes, knowing that an argument would be really useless, at that moment.

In order to relax himself, he took his time to choose something to wear that could match with his current mood.

At the end, he opted for a long sweater and a pair of leggings, with fur-lined ankle boots. Meanwhile, he styled his hair in a messy bun and headed to the nursery to take care of Mischa.

When she was well-fed and clean, Hannibal was almost ready to go out. He peeked out from the door of the nursery, buttoning his jacket. His hair were loosen over his shoulders.

Will looked at him, reading his mind:

“ Would you like me to braid your hair, love? ” He asked, in a conciliatory tone. Hannibal nodded and turned himself. Will worked quickly, but caring and caressed the braid, once he finished.

Hannibal turned again, towards him, and caught his hands between his:

“ I don't want to distress you, Will. I'm just worried. Maybe, it's nothing. ” He explained, in an apologizing tone. Will's face softened:

“ I know, love. I don't want you to fight again, but I know very well your duty and your role. Just... be careful. I can handle myself, and every good Omega can protect his offspring. ” He stated, with a smile.

His husband kissed him gently, and caressed their daughter, before going out:

“ Find some company, this will probably take all day. I'll see you tonight, sweetheart. ”

Will greeted him on the door, with Mischa in his arms.

Once alone, a gloomy sense of loneliness lingered over the house, and Will decided to take a walk. He took a more relaxed shower and dressed, satisfied with the sweater: it fell on his hips in a way that gave him some curves, and that outfit as a whole made he look much more feminine as usual.

He took a rain slicker, some blankets and brought Mischa outside, in the wood just aside their home.

The rain stopped during the night, but the trees and grass were still damp. The air was cool, but not freezing. Will walked through the carpet of fallen leaves, revealing to Mischa about the different species of birds by their singing.

He reached the border of the garden, the house still in view and easy to reach, laid down the rain slicker and created a little nest of blanket, sitting down and wrapping safely Mischa into his arms and the layers of wool.

More than ever, he felt her like his wolf pup: she was so small and fragile, and he would have willingly burned alive every thing which could threaten her. Her little heartbeat was strangely reassuring, as it was the sound of the world's heart.

As he had forecast, he and Hannibal were totally head over heels for her, and seeing his husband cradling her and singing Lithuanian lullabies, made his heart clench.

Nothing was going to hurt her, never.

Will listened for a while the soft breeze blowing through the trees, the calls of the stags, the chirping of bugs, as the sun began to warm the air a bit.

At a certain point, Mischa demanded to be fed, and he provided, with a little discomfort at the slight pain of the swollen breasts, but feeling also an intimate joy at the idea of taking care in that entirety of another living being.

Parenthood really changed perspectives, he thought, lazily.

Mischa had just fallen asleep, when his phone started buzzing, in silent mode. He picked up, with a wave of anguish. Hannibal should be safe, he must be.

It was Margot: with a sigh of relief, Will listened to her saying she was basically at his front door. He told her to join him, and waited quietly, caressing unconsciously his baby through the blankets.

“ Here you are! ” Margot greeted him, kneeling next to him and hugging carefully the both of them.

She brought a massive teddy bear and declared to have a shameful amount of rompers in her car. Will politely thanked her, and raised to offer her some tea.

Margot Verger always felt out of place in their home: she and her mate, Alana, lived in a majestic estate in the middle of Wolf Trap, a farm that Margot inherited after the death of her father and brother. Mason Verger, in spite of being rich and powerful, used to take part in Alpha fights for claiming packs. He took a fight in excess.

His sister didn't mourn him too much: he was the worst kind of unmated Alpha male. Her and Alana mated and married some time later, three years after Will and Hannibal, and they had a

son, a little Alpha male. She was Will's best friend.

“ You look radiant, Will. ” Margot said, watching him carefully.

“ I am. I could not be more happy, Margot. ” He replied, pouring the ginger tea.

She stared at him:

“ But? ”

“ But I feel overwhelmed. I am afraid of not being good enough as a parent, as a mate, as a man.” He blurted, sitting down and stroking his face:

“ I suppose it's a normal feeling, anyway. ” He added.

Margot sipped her tea and shrugged:

“ Oh, you can say. I cried almost every day during the first two weeks of Morgan. ” She remembered.

“ I didn't cry, yet. Hannibal is even more fantastic than usual, can you imagine? I feel like wearing a crown, when I'm with him. I just...” He paused:

“ I just want to be enough for him. ”

Margot looked at him with fondness:

“ Dear, you are his universe. You should have heard him during your absence, he never stopped talking about you and the baby. I've never seen him like this. Alana was totally amazed, he was unrecognizable. Where was our grumpy, cold Leader? ” She recalled.

Will was in awe:

“ Really? ”

“ Yes, dear, you should know. I say a thing, you can doubt about yourself a lot, but if you doubt about his love, you should be blind and deaf. ” She declared.

Will bit his bottom lip:

“ I do not doubt him. I can't help thinking I don't deserve him. ”

Margot huffed:

“ And there they are the Omega issues. You're valid, dear. You are a great mate, you will be a great parent. Take your time. Cry, if you want to. Try some lipstick. ” She said to him.

He stared, surprised:

“ What about the lipstick, now? ”

“ I'm seeing your outfit, it's lovely. Alana too, as an Alpha, has some periods in which she goes almost total male. She wears lumberjack shirts, jackboots, boxers and deepens her voice. To me, it's a fine break from routine. ” Margot told him.

Will meditated on it:

“ What shade of lipstick should I try? ” He asked.

Margot studied him for a moment:

“ A dark rose pink. It's the best with your complexion. ” She asserted.

Will sipped his tea, trying not to laugh, but the thought pleased him.

“ Have you heard about the Unknown Alpha? ” He asked, after a while.

Margot nodded:

“ Yeah, Alana should be with Hannibal and the others now, patrolling the borders. ”

Will chewed his bottom lip:

“ I hope he goes away. I don't want Hannibal to fight. ” He confessed.

“ Are you afraid he could lose? He's so strong. ” Margot began, but Will shook his head:

“ No, I don't like myself when he fights. My desire to protect him makes me... feral. Now that we have Mischa, I feel it worse. For her and for Hannibal. I could literally tear apart anyone, to defend them.” He whispered.

Margot shrugged again:

“ We are half-beasts, in some way. Why deny some primal instincts? I think it's something you should not be ashamed of, Will. We are naturally aimed to preserve our family, because our heart lives with them. ” She said.

Will managed to do a little smile:

“ It's not a very Omega behaviour, Mrs. Verger. ” He joked. She laughed:

“ Gender stereotypes, Will. They don't work into the woods. ”

Chapter End Notes

I didn't resist to put a bit of my mother tongue.
Hannibal says: How I love you, sweetheart.

Chapter Notes

CW: a bit of violence, even on animals but just mentioned, not depicted (it's in an animal hunting context) and a homophobic insult (said by a very bad guy)

We have a plot, in this chapter. But, also, the same fluff and smut.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

The screen buzzed quietly, while the pack's guards gathered around it, in careful observation. Hannibal frowned slightly, looking at the dark figure sneaking between the trees: he looked young, and was dressed as a wanderer. Hannibal stared at the screen for a while, then straightened himself up and turned to his subordinates:

“ This is the only camera which recorded him, ” He said: “ He could just had left the area, or he's very skilled in hiding. First of all, we have to learn where he came from. Find every break in the barbwire, check the exposed areas. Some used to pass through the stream, inspect the snares. Question the farmers and report every case of animal killing. He has to feed. ”

Everyone nodded, and they left in efficient order. Hannibal stayed in the monitoring cab with Jack Crawford and Alana Bloom, his deputies:

“ We're going to leave our scents around the residential area and the farms. It may discourage him. ” They agreed, and the three together left, shouldering the guns with the tranquilizer.

The day was warm, after the rain, and sun was peeking through the branches pleasantly. Hannibal was supposed to spend the day with Mischa and Will, cuddling in a blanket, not hunting some pain in the ass in the woods. His mood was awful, and the wolf claimed for blood. He felt clearly his fangs stinging his gums, ready to slip out, but he restrained himself.

He had to stay calm and reasonable.

“ Did you get in touch with other leaders? ” He asked Alana, while the three of them moved forward the grass and the fallen leaves. She nodded:

“ There were no reports of intruders. This guy must have headed straight here. ”

Jack snorted:

“ Bad timing. Every neighbouring pack must know that you just had a daughter, Doc.”

“ And if the packs know, the wanderers know, too. Why try claiming just now? ” Alana wondered.

Hannibal frowned:

“ It would be naïve, to presume he didn't know. I think he's certain of his success. Or something makes him believe he is. ”

“ He didn't seem so strong to me. ” Jack retorted, skeptical.

“ Hannibal was smaller than you. ” Alana rebutted, with a smile.

“ Hannibal had not defeated me. ” Jack replied.

“ But I could. ” Hannibal joined their talk. That made Jack laugh, and they stayed silent for a while, checking the trees.

It was very faint, but Hannibal could smell a foreign scent through the underwood. He knelt to pick up some fern leaves:

“ Clever. ” He stated, sharing the leaves with the other two: “ He's not marking the barks, but the bushes. An old technique, common among wilder packs, before the regulations. ”

Alana scowled:

“ Who would use a 19th century habit to claim a pack? ”

“ One Alpha very connected to his animal side or one very educated. He's unfortunate.”

Hannibal replied, with a little smirk. He took off his shoes and socks and rolled up his trousers knee-length, while Jack was asking:

“ Why he's unfortunate? ”

“ Because I'm deeply connected to my animal side and very educated, too. ” Was the answer.

They resumed their search, and Hannibal was very careful, brushing his ankles in every bush, fern and moss he found. The hunt began to grow more interesting, when Hannibal smelled a trace a little bit more significant. The unknown Alpha was moving at the borders, venturing just for brief distances inside the area. Also, he didn't follow straight lines, but walked in an irregular path, certainly hoping to blur his passage.

It would have worked, if Hannibal wasn't an Alpha with a particularly developed sense of smell: Jack and Alana lost the traces many times, while Hannibal never missed even the slightest whiff.

Before the remains of a fox, anyway, he had to stop: it wasn't eaten, just killed, and its blood spread on the ground around, for several inches, covering the direction of the traces. All the stains were fresh, brilliant and stenching strong.

“ Clever. ” Hannibal stated again, with a grimace: maybe the brat had outsmarted him this time, but he wouldn't have had a second chance.

Alana looked around:

“ The Prices' house is just there. ” She said, pointing at the fence barely visible through the trees, at their left.

“ He didn't approached the house. Jimmy would have noticed. ” Jack said. Hannibal shook his head:

“ He kept himself in the woods, but he went close enough to other humans. ” He looked to Alana:

“ The nearest, big building in this area is the Verger farm. ” He said, in an explicit tone. That meant Margot, their child, Morgan and maybe Will and Mischa.

The three looked at each other, then Jack grabbed his walkie-talkie. The device crackled a bit, before someone answered.

“ Take a car and head towards the Verger farm, now! ” He shouted, without waiting for a reply. Hannibal and Alana were already running to the Prices' house. Jimmy's twin threw his car's keys to the Leader and Alana and Jack jumped on board.

During the afternoon, Will and Margot took the children to a walk around the paddocks behind Verger's farm. Will kept Mischa far from the horses' snouts, although they were perfectly harmless, but enjoyed the playful view of Morgan, leaning forward to stroke their velvety noses.

It made him miss his dogs: Hannibal entrusted them to Alana and Margot, until Mischa was at least a few weeks older, fearing they could be a snag, around a newborn baby and Will had to agree. His dogs were well-trained, but Will wasn't sure he could take care of Mischa, Hannibal, himself and them all together.

“ Why don't we pay a visit to your dogs? ” Margot suggested, as she was reading his mind. Will enlightened:

“ I would like to. Maybe the guys could begin to get familiar with Mischa, and her with them.
” He accepted, in good cheer.

They were hosted in a large area, beside the stables, arranged with kennels, cushions and blankets, and free to run in a big fence.

Their tails began wagging just when Will appeared, and Buster, Ellie and Max hurried to him, barking and whimpering happily. Harley, Jack and Zoe followed after a moment, while Winston sat quietly, as always waiting for Will's permission to move. Will left Mischa in the cares of Margot, and knelt to pet his dogs, whom were sniffing and pawing at him. Will smiled to Winston:

“ Come on, buddy. ” He called it, who scampered to him and licked gingerly his face.

After some moments of cuddles, Will left up, admonished them softly, took Mischa in his arms and showed her carefully to the dogs:

“ Everyone, this is Mischa. Mischa, this is everyone. You guys could be back home soon, and you have to behave with this little one. Do we have an agreement, guys? ” He told them, who looked at him with pointed ears, obediently. Will pat them, in greetings, and then he, Margot and the children left.

“ Thank you, for them. ” He said Margot, while they're heading to the gardens.

“ It's a pleasure. ” She replied, lightly.

They were skirting the stables, while Will's dogs and the farm's dogs started barking all together, in a deafening din. Him and Margot turned, worried. At the same time, they heard a crash from the stables and the horses neighed, in panic.

Will and Margot looked at each other, then she grabbed her phone:

“ I call the security. Take the children and leave, Will. ” She commanded him, and he obeyed, knowing he had to protect them.

He could make only few steps, before being frozen in front of a stable's entrance by a growl behind him. Will turned slowly, held Mischa tighter and drag Morgan behind him.

A pool of blood was quickly stretching out on the stable's wooden floor, soaking the hay and filling his nose with its metallic stench. A figure was standing outside a box, towering on a dead horse, partially ripped, staring at him, panting hard. Will could easily recognize a wanderer Alpha, when he met one: the guy was young, probably he left his pack a few months before, and not in a friendly way, as it was clear from the scar on his neck, the bite of a Leader. Will could easily guess that he challenged the dominant Alpha of his pack, and he was driven away when defeated with dishonour. A Pack Leader didn't leave that kind of scar during a fair dispute.

Will also knew that that kind of Alphas were the most dangerous. His heartbeat increased, frightened for his daughter, Margot and her son. He didn't dare look at her, conscious that she could not make that call. They had to rely on him, if they would saved their lives.

He took a deep breath, and managed a soothing tone of voice:

“ I am an Omega, Alpha. ” He addressed him, emphasizing on the name to urge his protective side, if he had one. Will knelt, holding Mischa who was still miraculously silent, being careful in keeping the little Alpha hidden behind him, hoping the scent of blood and his could cover his.

A wanderer could be inclined to kill a rival's offspring, especially if Alpha and male.

“ Please, don't hurt me and my cub, Alpha.” He went on, keeping a weak voice and his head bent forward, showing the neck.

The Alpha took some step forward, dripping blood:

“ Why should I spare the life of Lecter's mare, Omega? ” He hissed, showing his fangs.

Will shook instinctively at the slur, but he raised his head, meeting his savage gaze:

“ You don't want him as your enemy. Touch us, and you wish you'll be dead. ” Will snarled.

The Alpha spat a clot of horse's blood on the floor and glanced at Margot:

“ Take the children, woman. I've no interest in you. ” He ordered.

Margot looked at Will, who nodded. She collected the children quickly and left, obviously seeking for help.

Will stood slowly, keeping an eye on his opponent, who was studying him with disdain:

“ Hannibal Lecter chose a mate unworthy of his fame. The Alpha who conquered a Pack without fighting the legitimate Leader,” The Alpha said: “ It was being rumored that he was mated with a gorgeous Omega female, that he hid her for jealousy. What a disappointment. ”

He growled low:

“ A true Alpha shouldn't mate. So called love makes the animal inside you weak. One works better alone. ”

“ Die fast, and let me kill your Alpha, fairy.” He cut short and stepped forward.

Will stayed still for a moment, then he tackled to him with all his weight, while he was moving. Will could not rely on his strength, so he had to use deftness and surprise.

The Alpha was baffled enough to stumble and fall, but he got back almost immediately and crushed Will on the ground, choking him.

Will struggled and managed to kick him in the groin, freeing himself with a slip. While the Alpha was on the ground, he jumped astride him and began to beat him furiously in the face. He was totally unconcerned of the splashes of blood, and kept going in spite of his hands hurting.

“ Will! Will! ”

A strong grip held him and forced him to stop, panting. Hannibal was clinging to him, his shaky breath through his hair, his hands caressing him in a soothing way.

“ Let him go, sweetheart. He cannot harm you anymore. ” He flattered Will.

The Omega startled and looked around, confused:

“ He's... dead? ” He asked, with a thin voice.

Hannibal helped him on his feet:

“ I'm afraid he is. ” He answered, looking at his neck: “ You have bruises, Will. Let me take care of them, then we can talk about what happened. ” He said.

Will nodded, absently, and followed his husband. He barely noticed Jack and Alana, talking aside and glancing at him.

He sat in the neat living room of Margot and her wife, on a couch soft as butter. Hannibal brought a bowl of water, bandages, rubbing alcohol and some ointment small jar.

He was very little aware of what was happening around him, all seemed wrapped in fog or smoke, and he watched quietly Hannibal tending to his bruises.

Some little clicking noises awoken him:

“ Why are you taking pictures? ” He asked Hannibal, in a flat tone.

“ We have to prove you were attacked, sweetheart. But the horse's corpse and Margot's deposition will suffice, I'm sure. ” He replied, calmly.

“ He threatened you and Mischa. Hannibal, ” Will called, softly and Hannibal lift his gaze in his: “ He was threatening you. I had to. ” He explained, decisively.

His Alpha finished bandaging his knuckles, but didn't leave his hold:

“ I know, sweetheart. You did the right thing. ” He assured, and cupped his face between his fingers to kiss him slightly, but fondly.

“ Even if I am an Omega, I had to protect my child and mate. ” Will added. Hannibal stroked his hair:

“ And you did bravely. ” He promised.

As always, Hannibal's presence helped Will to clear his mind. He remembered what happened and what he felt, during the fight. He felt a bit nauseous, but he didn't feel guilty: Wanderers Alphas knew the risks of try to claim Packs.

Jack and Alana stepped in the room. She sat in front of Will:

“ I must thank you, Will. You saved my son's and mate lives. You did what an Alpha would have do. ” She said, grateful.

Hannibal, at his side, added:

“ It is possible you had made our Pack safer, Will: every wanderer will know that not only the Leader, but also his mate is someone who to be afraid. ”

Will smiled, shhyly, but remained silent. He didn't want to share what crossed his mind, yet.

Margot entered in that moment, carrying Mischa in her arms. Will took her, with a sudden sense of relief. His wolf pup. After them, arrived Bella Crawford:

“ I spoke with other Pack Leaders and local law forces. The guy's name was Randall Tier. ” She said, coming up beside her husband:

“ He was exiled by a Pack in Maryland, after he tried to kill his own Leader. Tier was reported to be particularly brutal and violent towards humans. The orders of the police were to shoot him on sight. ” She explained.

“ So there will not be consequences on Will. ” Hannibal stated. Bella nodded:

“ He's going to be interrogated, but it was his right. He did what he had to do. ” She quoted Alana.

Will nodded again and held Mischa tighter. Hannibal stroked his back discreetely.

The interrogation was a formality, as Bella predicted, but it was long anyway. When they finished, it was almost midnight and Mischa was clearly in distress. Jack and Bella took the three of them home by their car, after Hannibal invited Alana and Margot to dinner as an apologize for the inconvenience.

When Will entered home, he was so tired he bursted out crying, and Mischa with him. He dried his tears and took care of his daughter, until she fell asleep, satiated and calm. Hannibal cradled the baby in his arms, and headed his husband towards the bathroom, where he

prepared the tub for a relaxing bath, and heated some leftovers of soup, while Will was feeding Mischa.

Will would have willingly cried again at his tenderness, but he thought it was wiser taking his bath and eating that late dinner.

Only later, with Mischa tucked in her crib and Hannibal laid down in their bed, plastered to his side, Will finally spoke:

“ I've never felt better. Killing him was glorious. ” He confessed, rolling one long lock of Hannibal's hair between his fingers.

“ I know, sweetheart. He was a dangerous and brute Alpha, the reject of our kind. I hate Alphas like him. ” Hannibal replied. “ I am sorry I could not arrive in time. ”

Will looked at him:

“ You don't have to apologize, love. I am happy this happened, at last. I proved anyone I can take care of myself. ” He said, with pride.

“ I never doubted. ” Hannibal replied.

Will stared at his beautiful husband, with a sudden shiver, thinking he could had lose him. He hugged and kissed him passionately:

“ I love you madly. Madly. ”

“ And I, you, sweetheart.”

Will sighed, and despite of tiredness, he crawled astride Hannibal, pulled over his shirt and bended to kiss his throat, shoulders, chest, belly, hungrily, desperately.

“ You're mine, Alpha...only mine ...” He murmured, trailing his lips on his skin, fondling his hips. Hannibal laughed softly at his beloved's lust, and the laugh turned abruptly in a moan, when Will's mouth stroked his sex over the underwear's cloth. Hannibal closed his eyes:

“ Use your teeth to take it off, sweetheart... ” He asked, and Will complied, eagerly.

He took the tip of his cock between his lips and began with small kisses, and savouring the head. Hannibal shivered and grasped the sheets with a hand, and dug the other in Will's hair, caressing.

Will swallowed his entire length, brushing his tongue slightly, scraping with his teeth. His Alpha was already on the edge, and started rocking his hips, coming abruptly, with a loud groan.

Will cleaned him carefully, tasting every drop of him, and placed other kisses on the spent sex.

Hannibal straighten to catch him in an embrace and kissed him properly, enjoying their flavors together.

Then, he stripped Will of his nightgown and did his same path, through the neck, the breasts, the belly, to his sex. He played with his barren, but utterly sensitive penis, already hard and dripping, then focused on his rim. He thrust the tongue back and forth his insides, savouring the slick, sweet like honey, and he was eventually rewarded with exquisite little moans, delicious jerks of his pelvis and splashes of hot cum, which Hannibal provided to lap away slowly from his belly.

Will stayed stretched on his chest, his head on his shoulder, breathing deeply. With eyes fixed on the baby monitor and the arms of his husband around him, he could easily forget that he killed someone, that day.

Chapter End Notes

Dark!Will joined the party. A bit of him, at least

Chapter 4

Chapter Notes

CW: homophobic language by a very unpleasant character

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

There was no time to call for help.

Valerie Leeds knew that her husband was dead, before seeing it. With her heart pounding fast in her chest, she crawled out the bedroom to save her children. He seemed to be vanished, but his smell lingered in the house.

Mrs. Leeds thought that in the woods, they were be safe. The children, at least. She reached for them, crying and shaking and helped them to climb down their window.

“ Run! ” She hurried them, in a labored whisper. Dylan freezed under the window:

“ Mom...”

But Michael grabbed his brother's hand:

“ Come! ”

“ Go, go, please! ” Her mother begged them. The boys rushed into the trees.

She turned, abruptly, hearing a sound behind her.

The Leeds kids heard her cry, at a distance. They kept running and running.

Will was startled by a buzz of his phone. He looked away from the crowded hall and checked it: Margot sent him a video of Mischa, playing with a plushie, while Morgan was guarding her.

Will smiled at the screen, a bit relieved of the entire situation.

It occurred to him just a couple of times to take part in those Leaders' reunions, they were convened just in special circumstances, and that in particular was especially distressing. He bit his bottom lip, trying not to be overwhelmed. If only Hannibal could come back soon...

He forced himself not to be selfish: his mate had his duties, and Will could survive a few minutes without him.

The hall was pleasant, with cream-painted walls, pastel colored furniture and tea trays. Very Omega friendly. Will was used to be surrounded by Omega females, in location of that kind, but he couldn't help feeling a little out of place, despite his waist-length brown curls and his almost total feminine appearance. Usual perks of being an Omega male, he thought, lazily.

He wasn't alone, anyway: another handful of Omega males was scattered around the room, everyone occupied in not drawing attention. That was a normal social behaviour for them, used to hide, even in cities.

Will had settled to be in his armchair in a corner, politely smiling whom greeted him and browsing without interest some magazines.

“ Hello, ” He heard after a while, and raised his head: in front of him stood a soft-looking Omega male, dressed in a suit and clearly anxious about something.

“ Hello, ” Will replied, glancing at him with uncertainty: “ May I help you? ” He added.

“ Oh, I didn't want to bother you, truly... it's... it's my first Leaders' reunion and I don't know anyone, and I saw you here alone, ” He chuckled, nervously: “ I just thought to say hi. I am Franklyn, by the way, Franklyn Budge. ”

“ Will Lecter, ” Will replied, adjusting to the convention of introducing himself with his married name.

Franklyn shook his hand and pointed at the vacant seat aside him:

“ May I? ”

“ Please. ”

Franklyn sat and looked around for a moment, before speaking again:

“ I never imagined it would be like this. ” He said, in a amazed tone.

Will frowned a little:

“ It's more boring than you think, actually. Maybe, this time it's going to be... harder. ” He replied, cautiously.

Franklyn appeared at least terrified:

“ What a horrible, horrible circumstance. I've heard the children survived, this time. ” He told.

Will nodded:

“ Luckily. They reached a neighborhood's house. In the previous case, no one could be saved. ” He remembered.

Franklyn fished a tissue from his pocket and mopped his sweaty forehead:

“ Some people, here, are deeply concerned for their children too. I just can imagine their anguish... ” He said, in a sympathetic tone.

“ Don't you have children? ” Will asked. Franklyn shook his head:

“ Me and Tobias mated just three months ago. And do you? ” He replied:

“ I do, one daughter. She's going to turn one year next month. ” Will told, with a smile.

“ How sweet. Luckily, this terrible thing will be over for that moment. ” Franklyn commented, then added:

“ You said your mate's surname is Lecter. I'm sure I know of it. Where is your pack located? ”

“ Wolf Trap, Virginia. ”

“ Oh, I really don't know the area. We are in Baltimore, Patterson Park. ”

Baltimore, of course he heard of Hannibal, Will thought. When he arrived in the States, he studied and made a career at the Johns Hopkins. Unless, he was referring to...

“ Oh... Oh! ” Franklyn exclaimed abruptly: “ Maybe, if your family name is Graham, I've read about you! ” He realized, and blushed:

“ That was very rude of me. I really have to apologize... ” He began, but Will interrupted him:

“ No need to apologize, Franklyn, really. ”

He bit his bottom lip, appeared utterly concerned:

“ It was a big deal for us. Omegas, I mean. You don't hear every day of an Omega who kills for defense. But you saved your daughter. ” He stated, with something in the eyes, which looked suspiciously like reverence.

Will wished intensely that Hannibal could come back soon:

“ I just did what I had to do. Everyone would have did it. ” Will concluded, or tried to.

“ Not everyone. I don't know if I would be so brave. ” Franklyn retorted.

Without knowing why, Will began to feel angry:

“ That guy was threatening my husband and my child. I reacted. I'm not proud of what I did, I killed someone. End of the story. ” He rebuked.

Franklyn flushed:

“ I'm sorry to have bothered you. It was... it was a pleasure to meet you. ”

He raised and left, swiftly.

Will felt the urge to apologize, but on the other hand, he was relieved to had been left alone.

After a while, finally, Hannibal appeared in the hall, with Jack, Bella and an unknown, slender Alpha.

“ Will. ” Hannibal reached for him and kissed him lightly on the lips: “ Sorry to have left you alone for so long. I hope you are not bored too much. ”

“ I'm fine, love. ” Will reassured him: “ Is the reunion about to begin? ” He asked.

Hannibal nodded:

“ In minutes, sweetheart. ” He turned towards the Alpha:

“ May I introduce you Tobias Budge, Will? ”

The Alpha tilted his head politely, greeting him, and Will blushed: obviously, he was Franklyn's mate. Will shook his hand, and stayed silent.

Franklyn appeared at his side:

“ You are come back, Tobias. Fancy, seeing you with Will. ” He said, happily, as nothing happened before.

“ Do you know each other? ” Hannibal asked.

Franklyn nodded:

“ I think I've said too much and I've upset him. ” He said quietly, in a regretful tone.

“ There is nothing to apologize for. I apologize in the first place, I was rude. ” Will hurried to specify, not willing to resume the former conversation.

Hannibal got the point immediately:

“ So, the incident was already resolved. ” He said, smiling: “ Why don't we take our seats? ” He suggested. The group agreed and they headed toward the meeting room.

The reunion was chaired by the Pack Leader of the Buffalo's district where the Leeds' pack lived.

She was an Alpha female with long, black and straight hair and a worried face. She greeted everyone and summarized the situation, then:

“ I've lost two friends, two children are orphans now. Our brothers from Chicago suffered the same tragedy. We don't know anything about this guy, but that he's a wanderer Alpha male. Michael Leeds identified him and made an identikit. ”

She switched on the monitor behind her, and showed to the audience the identikit. The man had a mask, which exposed his mouth. Everyone could clearly see his crooked teeth.

“ It would not be so difficult to find a guy with those teeth. ” An Alpha commented, from the first row.

“ Do you know how many wanderers are currently around the country? ” Another rebuked.

Jack leaned towards Hannibal:

“ If government would decide to draft a register for wanderer Alphas... ” He said, but Bella interrupted him:

“ The best thing would be give actual roles in the society for young Alphas. Like many do. The pack system is outdated, and sexist. ” She asserted.

Will agreed with her, and he knew Hannibal did too, but the quarrel around them prevent every reply.

“ In the past three years, many packs were attacked by rabid Alphas. ” An Alpha female was saying, sustained by many others:

“ They were not challenging us, like the law provides for, but they assaulted the mates of the Leaders, injuring some of them, and the children too. ” She added.

Hannibal and Will looked at each other, but the Alpha didn't participate: they would be called on soon.

Indeed, the same woman whom was speaking until that moment, turned abruptly and pointed out them:

“ In Wolf Trap the assailant was killed. Dr. Lecter, would you told us about it? ” She said, addressing Hannibal, whom squeeze briefly Will's hand and stood.

“ It's a well-known fact. A man called Randall Tier attacked my mate, and he defended himself and our daughter. ” He recalled, dryly.

A big, bulky Alpha snorted soundly:

“ What kind of Alpha are you, leaving your Omega alone? ” He rebuked.

Hannibal glanced at him, coldly:

“ I am not used to keep my Omega at leash, like someone. ” He retorted.

The Alpha was not impressed:

“ Oh, God, you must be one of that mavericks, Omeganists, Feminists and all that shit. I wasn't expecting more, from a fop who mates an Omega male. ” The guy snarled, in a sniffy tone.

Will felt his mate growling beside him, grasped his arm and stood:

“ Dude, what's your damn problem? ” He snapped at the guy, biting back others much worse insults.

He gazed him, patronizingly:

“ Keep that passion for your daddy, fairy. ” The guy snickered. All around, a fuss exploded:

“ Just shut your mouth, douchebag! ” Someone cried.

There were some moments of chaos, during which the Alpha approached Hannibal with bare teeth, and he shielded Will behind him, showing his fangs, shaken by rage. Jack held his Leader, while others joined the other Alpha, and began to surround them.

The officers hurried to split them, and the reunion host threw out the big Alpha from the room. It occurred many minutes to bring back peace in the audience, but eventually, she resumed the discussion:

“ Before we were rudely interrupted, Dr. Lecter was telling what happened in his pack. Similar events occurred in many packs, in the last years. Mostly, the attacks ended with the capture of the guilty. Not in every case, anyway. ” She noted.

Will barely noticed the reference, still furious. Hannibal was already calmer and enfolded an arm around his waist:

“ Don't be upset, sweetheart, ” He flattered him, in a soothing tone: “ Ionnoti has always been a pig. He's not worth of your anger. ”

Will looked at him, grateful for his touch but still upset:

“ He dumped on you. And he's a sexist and homophobic prick.” He replied.

“ I'm aware, he's pretty known among the Leaders for his usual behaviour. It's a shame that a more deserving, young Alpha never took his place in his pack. ” Hannibal commented. He stroked slowly his mate's back, reassuring:

“ But the day will come, sweetheart. ”

Will nodded, and shook his head to throw away that bitch from his head: more important matters were on the table, at the moment.

The reunion host was still speaking:

“ Beyond the usual security measures taken by every pack, the FBI recommends to let be known the man identikit in all areas and strenghten the supervision around borders. It's not clear how he could cross the fences. ”

She hesitated for a moment, than added:

“ I personally would like to suggest more caution to the Omegas, here. This guy wasn't stopped even by children. Any question? ”

For a second, Will felt the ancestral shiver of the prey. Instinctively, he clung to Hannibal, who held him tighter. Jack too, was holding Bella's hand, whispering some reassurances.

The reunion was dismissed after some questions and answers, and they left, surrounded by buzzings and murmurs from the crowd. It was still early afternoon, and attendants were free until the farewell dinner.

Jack decided to took Bella in some nice place, because they never visited New York again, after their honeymoon, while Hannibal and Will had a drink at the hotel's cocktail lounge.

Hannibal peered at Will, apparently casually, above his glass of wine. Will tried to ignore him for a while, sipping his Screwdriver, then he set down his glass and sighed:

“ So, ask, if you have to, don't look at me as if I was some Fontana's cut. ”

His husband gulped his sip of wine and made an innocent face:

“ What made you think I want to inquire about something, sweetheart? ” He asked.

Will rolled his eyes:

“ Don't play games with me, love. ”

Hannibal smirked:

“ I know that something is prickling your wonderful mind, Will. Just tell me about this. Is not what Lester Ionnoti said, isn't it? ” He wondered.

Will frowned:

“ It's about him, but not only. This situation makes me nervous, Hannibal. ” Will answered. His mate emptied his glass and took his hand:

“ About Ionnoti, don't worry: if he says again something about me, you're allowed to punch him in the face. I must warn you, sweetheart, if he says something about you, I would take care of him personally. ” He said, tearing a smile from him.

“ About this killer... well, we simply can't know if he will come to our area. We have to trust the law enforcements. ” He added, in a more serious tone.

Will gazed at him:

“ But what we are going to do, if he came, anyway? ” His eyes were veiled with a well-hidden terror, which Hannibal was anyway able to trace. He caressed his face:

“ In that case, we'll show him that we're not afraid of him, or anyone. We have each other, Will, and moreover we are part of a very strong pack. He would fight very hard, to put any of us down, sweetheart, I promise you. ” He swore.

Will leaned in his touch, grasped gingerly his fingers and kissed them:

“ I love you so much... Only the thought of losing you, drives me mad. ” He stated, in a passionate voice, shaking lightly.

The sight of his mate so overcome, made Hannibal's heart clench: he leaned for a proper kiss, and stroking his lavish curls, he whispered:

“ I would make everything to keep you and Mischa safe, Will, everything. You're the world to me, my breath, my blood, my bread, love of my life, star in my sky. ”

Will drowned himself in his hold, restraining some incipient tears. Hannibal wiped them away with his lips:

“ I want to cherish you, sweetheart. Let me distract you. What would you like to do? ” He asked, in a soft tone.

His husband chuckled a little:

“ I would like to do something normal, love. Let's go shopping.”

“ All you want. ”

Later, strolling among shop windows, Hannibal lost himself many times, admiring Will in his striking uniqueness. After ten years, his presence still felt like a privilege. He kept talking about Mischa:

“ It's incredible how some traits of hers look like they are already shaped.” Will was saying, glancing distractedly through the shop window of a children's supplies store:

“ I thought that babies were quite the same, at least until a certain age, but I was wrong. Mischa has her preferences, her expressions, her dislikes, her way to communicate, even with all-purpose gestures, they are unique of her. I find that quite amazing. Like observing the growth of a tree from a seed. I planted her, but her development is beyond me, also in regard of my influence. ”

“ It makes you aware that she is not a sum of me and you, but a complete, new human being. ” Hannibal noted.

Will gazed at him, with shiny eyes:

“ Exactly. I wish I could educate her in every field, to fill her need of knowledge and see every feelings and emotions of her. I wish I could know her entirely. ” He sighed: “ It must

seem quite selfish. ”

“ Not at all, ” Hannibal replied: “ It's a natural urge of all parents, to understand every fiber of their children. It compensates for the inner sense of guilty of not being present for all their life. ”

Will stayed silent, then said:

“ I want Mischa to be happy. Free to be, love and know. ”

Hannibal stared at him, loving:

“ And she will be. With a bit of guidance and lots of understanding. We created a masterwork, sweetheart. We can't just project our dreams and expectations on her. We must show her how to make new ones for herself.”

Will smiled and cupped his face, for a gentle kiss:

“ You are such a great parent. ” He revered him, whom returned the kiss and hugged him:

“ Just like you. Would you like to buy her a gift? ” Hannibal asked. Will brightened:

“ Yes, this is a wonderful idea. Maybe something which would be useful in the future. She has too many toys, just now. I want to teach her to play in the woods, like me and you. ” He answered.

“ I would like it, too. ” Hannibal agreed, escorting him inside the shop.

During the dinner, the atmosphere was more relaxed. Will felt that many Leaders were somehow reassured by the reunion. He surely couldn't say the same for Hannibal, but his words and his wise confidence soothed him, in a way. Before tomorrow lunch, they would be at home, with Mischa. Nothing else cared.

Will allowed himself to enjoy the food, leaving peacefully the social life to Hannibal, Bella and Jack, much more capables of him. He took some moments to admire his husband, anyway: he was dashing in his silver three-piece, his hair accurately styled by Will in an elegant bun. As always, his conversation was varied, charming, smart. The glances and the casual touches he gave him from time to time, made him feel included but not engaged, and mostly, made Will proud. First, for his handsome and skilled Alpha, second for himself. He wore a blue jumpsuit, doublebreasted, with a v-neck and golden buttons. Both feminine and masculine enough, to make him feel comfortable. He let his hair loosen on his shoulders and back, and Hannibal showed many times to be enthusiastic about their length. At home, he spent hours stroking them, and during the dinner too, he repeatedly combed them with his fingers, absent-mindedly.

Nothing could unsettle Will, not even Lester Ionnoti, who glanced at him resentfully a couple of times, but had the good grace to remain quiet.

Once the dinner ended and they had greeted the Crawfords, and some others of Hannibal's acquaintances, they headed towards their bedroom with a mutual sigh of relief. Will called Margot briefly, to ask about Mischa and the pack, while Hannibal took a shower, then it was his turn.

Despite of tiredness, Will felt a sting of arousal, thinking about his mate defending him and showing his teeth. Making love seemed to be a perfect ending for that exhausting day, even if Will was a bit reluctant at the idea of sex in a hotel room. Maybe Hannibal was already asleep.

Wearing the t-shirt and the pajamas bottom, Will stretched and laid down in bed, ready to curl up against the solid form of his husband's body, and he was half way to say: “ Good night, love ”, when his words disappeared in a gasp: Hannibal grabbed him and dugged his face in his belly, with an impatient, low growl, possessive and demanding:

“ My sweet angel, I resisted all day in your intoxicating presence... ” He murmured, kissing every inch of skin he can reach, stripping his mate of his clothes.

“ You were handsome tonight, love. ” Will replied, closing his eyes and relaxing at his touch. He was decisively turned on, now, while Hannibal's tongue was tracing its way around nipples and collarbone and his hands were stroking his hips. Will caressed his back, spreading his legs, slick dripping outside his rim, thick as honey. They kissed ravenously,

biting and sucking, and stopped just to take breath. Hannibal lost himself for a moment in Will's dark blue eyes, and then kissed him lightly, like a feather touch:

“ I would choose you every time, my love. I never cared what people said. You know it, right? Love of my life, light in my nights. ” He praised, over and over, between kisses.

Will sighed, feeling utterly worshipped:

“ I know, my dearest, I know so well... I'm so happy with you, so, so happy. ”

Words were buried under other wet, deep kisses, interlaced by moans and pants, while Hannibal started stroking Will's length and adjusting between his thighs.

“ Take me, Alpha... take me, now I beg you. ” Will cried, in a whisper.

Hannibal leaned his forehead to his, while sliding smoothly inside him, soothing him with kisses and murmurs. Will lifted his pelvis, to take him more deeply, and moaned, when he managed to hit his prostate. And again, and again. The rhythm became regular, punctuated by groans, sighs and cries. Will held his shoulders so tight, he was sure that they would have found marks, the day after. He felt the climax growing fast and strong, but Hannibal came before him, abruptly, filling him deliciously. Panting hard, the Alpha stroked him until he came, licking away the white-pearl traces of his release. Will moaned again, feeling the knot pressing his insides and leaned his head on Hannibal shoulder, caressing his chest lightly.

“ It's a pity, I'm not in heat. ” He said, after a while: “ I want to have another baby, love.”

“ It could always happen, sweetheart, even if you're not in heat. And be careful of what you wish for, especially after love making. ” Hannibal flattered him, in a deep, soft voice.

Will smiled against his skin, saying nothing. He fell asleep before Hannibal could leave him, and when it happened, he shivered. He totally couldn't bear to be parted from him.

Chapter End Notes

I need another chapter, it seems.

5.

Chapter Notes

It's very, very long.

It has a scene with a bit of violence. Even if it's mild, feel free to skip it, you can find it between the " ++ " It's basically the same scene in The Wrath of the Lamb.

Enjoy!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Usually, people didn't end up in Wolf Trap. There were very certain reasons to visit an area so isolated. So, when a totally unknown black van entered in the mechanic, Jack frowned and approached with caution:

“ Good morning, sir. ” He greeted the stranger who got out.

“ 'Morning. I was on the freeway, but I felt something wrong with the brakes. May you check them? ” He explained, in a low tone.

“ Of course. Zeller, come! ” Crawford called Brian, whom rushed to him.

From the office, Will glanced at the stranger: big guy, tall, with leather jacket, a cap and sunglasses. Will scowled: it was a cloudy september morning, why the guy needed to wear sunglasses, and indoor, besides.

He stayed aside, with hands in his pockets, answering with nods and half-words at Jack's inquiries about the van. Will understood that the man was trying to speak as little as possible, but he couldn't get why. His eyes lingered on the identikit hang on the wall in front of him, as in every shop or public place in Wolf Trap, and his breath stopped for a second.

With heart pounding furiously, Will continued his work on the invoices, until Brian appeared at the office's door, handing him a paper:

“ Will, please, prepare that guy's bill.” He asked. Will nodded:

“ Strange dude, huh? ” He inquired, casually, while typing.

“ Oh, you can say that. Clefted lip weirdo. ” Brian whispered, peeking above his shoulder. At Will's face, he explained:

“ He claimed he got lost. He's got a pretty pricey gps in that van. Who is he kidding? ”

Will printed the receipt, with a neutral expression:

“ Is he an Alpha? ” He asked.

“ Yeah. Why? ”

Will glanced outside the glass:

“ In order to arrive here from the freeway, one has to cross half of the district. It's a very good way to examine a place. With broken brakes. ” He argued, in a low tone, then added:

“ You worked quickly. Were they broken? ”

Brian frowned:

“ Just a little hard. Do you think he could be...? ” He asked, with wide eyes, but Will shooed him away with the bill: “ Later. ” He mouthed.

He waited until the van disappeared, then called Brian and Jack inside the office. Z had probably explained his theory to Jack, because, when he entered in the small room, shutting the door behind him, he turned to Will:

“ Elaborate.”

Will gazed to the identikit:

“ What do you see, Jack? ” He asked, pointed out at it.

Crawford frowned again:

“ A motherfucker with crooked teeth. ” He replied, puzzled.

“ And on the upper lip? ” Will pushed.

“ A scar. ”

“ Maybe a kid cannot recognize a harelip scar, but I am married to a doctor, Jack. ” Will said, in a firm tone.

Both Zeller and Crawford approached the sketch and stared at it for a few seconds, then:

“ Oh, shit. ” Z exhaled. Jack looked at Will:

“ Why didn't the police notice that? ” He asked.

“ Every wanderer Alpha has scars on his face, and plus, that's a very, very uncommon deformity in Alphas. It compromises the teeth and the ability to bite. The guy was treated, and well, the scar is barely visible. I didn't see it, during the reunion, but I heard the guy speak. No surprise he uses fake teeth. ” Will told.

He, Brian and Jack stayed quiet for a moment, then the latter said:

“ We have to inform the authorities, now. We have the guy's name and the license plate... ”
But Will interrupted him:

“ The name is almost certain fake, and the van could be rented. We can call the police and say them to search for an Alpha with a harelip and a black van. But if the guy is smart, and he probably is, he already got rid of the van and he's waiting somewhere to choose his target. ”
Will said, worried.

“ What we do, then? ” Brian asked.

“ We call the police, we tell them all of this, and then we gather a reunion of the pack. ” Jack decided. Will nodded and grabbed his jacket:

“ I come back home right now, Hannibal has to know, first of all. ” He said. Jack and Zeller greeted him, while Crawford was already on the phone.

Will drove home to a speed far beyond the limit. Once arrived, he jumped out the car and ran inside. Hearing the rush at the door, Hannibal looked out from the kitchen, with a frown:

“ Will, is that you? ” He asked, but any other word was shut up by Will, who threw himself in his arms.

“ What... sweetheart, what's happening? ” He asked, bewildered, holding him with an arm, the other hand taken with a ladle.

Will held him tighter:

“ Hannibal, he's here. He's here. ” He whispered, desperate.

Hannibal tossed the ladle in the sink and hugged him properly:

“ Please, calm, sweetheart. Let's sit, and tell me everything. ” He offered, guiding him to the kitchen isle.

Will sat on a stool and watched him putting out the burner under the pot, and pouring a glass of water.

Will accepted it, breathing deeply: he kept his calm until he was with Crawford and Zeller, but the suspicion already took him.

Hannibal sat in front of him. Will looked at him:

“ A guy came to the shop, this morning... ” He began, and told him everything.

Eventually, his husband sighed and stared at Mischa, whom was playing in her cot, in the living room:

“ And so, you figured out that he will probably chase us, because we have a child, and I'm the Pack Leader. ” He completed, with a frown. Will nodded, anguished:

“ It's us or Alana and Margot. Other couples have grown children, and we are really...happy. ” He stared at his mate:

“ He massacred happy families. Yow saw them. You know I'm right. ” Will persisted.

Hannibal tucked one strand of his hair behind his ear:

“ Your beautiful mind, what a gift, what a damnation. I know, Will. ” He sighed again, and his eyes wandered still on Mischa:

“ I need you by my side, sweetheart. During the reunion with the pack, but also after.” Will took his hand and kissed his palm:

“ You have me, my love. Always. ” He promised.

Hannibal took his hands and spoke very carefully:

“ We don't know if it's his first raid here, but I believe is not. I don't think he's going to attack tonight. He showed for some purpose. Maybe he heard about Tier. Maybe we captured his attention. The other victims could be tests, and we are his final target. You and I have our pack, but it could not be enough to stop him. This is our battle, Will. Me and you, as Pack Leaders, together. ”

His mate could not look away from him:

“ Do you want me beside you, even then? ” He asked.

“ I do. No one could protect me better than you, you proved it. ” Hannibal replied. Will pondered his words: Hannibal never spoke randomly and always had a plan. He would probably had some suspicion during the Leader's reunion. The host didn't call on him without reason, he must had known some detail, which he didn't share with him.

“ What do you know, Hannibal? ” Will asked, anxious and in distress.

Hannibal sighed and straightened his back:

“ I met the police and the FBI, just before the reunion. ” He began: “ They inquired me about the Randall Tier's fact. I told them everything, they said me that these two wanderers were connected by a similar fixation: to crush unworthy Alphas and take their perfect lives. I was informed that many wanderers had me as their targets, during the years, because of my story. Some...” Hannibal hesitated: “ Some Alphas think of me as a dishonour for Leaders. I conquered my place without fighting the right competitor, and also I mated an Omega male. You heard Lester Ionnoti, he's one of them. ”

Will was a bit bothered by his omissions, but he understood him, clearly: he knew that he would had felt guilty, because Hannibal chose him, and because he made him, somehow, weaker.

Will bit his lips, and stayed quiet.

“ I must confess that I thought that Tier's death would had change things. You killed for me, Will. A gift that I could never imagine. You were so glorious, my love. Even when you snapped at Ionnoti. So fierce. So beautiful.” Hannibal added, watching him with awe and devotion. Will, again, felt truly worshipped.

“ I knew this could happen. I should had send you and Mischa away, in a safe place. But I can't stay away from you, even at your risk. ” He revealed, in a quiet voice. Will was startled: he never saw Hannibal so desperate.

“ Love,” He whispered: “ I understand. And I promise, I'm with you.” Hannibal stared at him, serious:

“ You should say no. It's going to be very dangerous. If something happens to you, I could never forgive myself. ” He said, but Will shook his head:

“ My place is with you, Hannibal. Nowhere else.”

Hannibal leaned to kiss him:

“ *Aš tave myliu, mylimasis.* ” He murmured against his lips.

Will shivered: Hannibal used his mother tongue rarely, and only in special occasions. He asked to marry him with that language, he said his mating vows in that too. Will never doubted him, but especially never doubted him those times.

He eagerly responded his kiss and caressed his face:

“ I will fight with you, I will fight for you. You're my Alpha, you're my love. ”

For some moments, they stayed quiet, in each other's arms. Hannibal was the first to part:

“ Would you care for some lunch, Will? ” He asked, caressing slowly his back.

Will felt his stomach upset, but he knew he had to keep himself strong, so he nodded. Hannibal left him with a last kiss on his hair and resumed his cooking. Will sighed and stood, heading towards Mischa's cot. She was perfectly awake, and extended her little arms to him:

“ Da! ” Mischa called, happily. Will took her in his arms:

“ Come, my darling. Let's watch what Da-da is doing, yeah? ” He said, cradling her gingerly, closing his eyes for a moment, grateful of her warm presence.

He sat at the kitchen island again, while Mischa was pulling gently one lock of his hair, and watched fondly Hannibal, who was stirring the soup.

Eventually, he put a full bowl in front of him and took Mischa, sitting in front of him and placing the child on a knee.

Will thanked him and took his spoon, feeling a bit cheered up by his cares. It was incredible how he managed to make a simple soup bowl in a gesture of affection.

“ Won't you eat? ” He asked him. Hannibal shook his head, bouncing Mischa on his knee, and making her laugh:

“ After you, sweetheart. Please, be comfortable. ” He reassured Will, who carried on through his food, smiling from time to time, watching his husband and their daughter play. Their mutual desires were granted: she had beautiful, blue eyes and soft, ash-blond curls, her mouth shape resembled strongly Will's, and her little cheekbones boded to be very similar to Hannibal's. She was perfect, healthy, sweet. How he would have burned the world willingly, to keep her safe, Will thought, with a sudden force.

His eyes met Hannibal's, and he knew the feeling was perfectly shared between them.

Hannibal spent the rest of the day making calls to the neighboring packs, the police and many acquaintances of him, while Will checked every door and window in the house, always followed by the dogs. They proved to be a very effective alarm system, but there was the chance that he could hurt or neutralize them. After some hesitation, he and Hannibal decided to let them in their usual place in the living room: the Alpha would be more alarmed, if he found them in the porch or the courtyard. If he was watching the house, he should have known about the dogs, anyway.

With a grimace, Will watched Hannibal assembling the rifles: he knew how his mate hated gunfires, but they had no choice. It was an horrible feeling, like they were in a state of siege. Hannibal kept in watching outside the windows, and every attempt to distract or relax just a bit failed.

During a golden sunset, which was equally beautiful and cruelly ironic, they dined in silence, sitting in the living room, monitoring Mischa and surrounded by the dogs. Will felt like his bowels were filled with lead, and the food, usually delicious, tasted like ash.

It was a damn relief, when they finally put their coats, persuaded Mischa to stay quiet in her stroller and headed toward the reunion's place. They walked hand in hand through the trees, under a velvety sky night. Everything was so familiar and so strange at the same time: how many times, during the years, they have ambled in their woods, night and day, hunting together, picking blackberries and unfailingly ending in kisses and making love with lips stained of purple.

Approaching the clearing, Hannibal and Will were lit by bonfires and they could hear the distant buzzing of the herd. The members of the pack were reunited in small groups around the fires, sat on blankets, handling thermos of coffee, tea and hot chocolate. On every face lingered a worried expression.

Many greeted them, as they passed through, some showed briefly their throats to Hannibal, in a gesture of respect.

He was gradually acquiring a fiercer look, while he was reaching the centre of the clearing, where the larger bonfire burned. Will noticed the slight change in his his scent, and saw the claws and fangs appearing, and felt a primal desire of submission. He held his hand tighter and brushed his head on his shoulder:

“ Alpha... ” Will whispered, in a secret plea to his mate. Hannibal stopped, turned towards him and combed his hair with his fingers:

“ My Omega. Wait for me. ” He murmured him, nuzzling his neck, on the mating mark, softly possessive. Will sighed and let him go, standing aside the fire, next to Alana, Margot, Jack and Bella.

Hannibal gazed at him, then turned and faced the rest of the pack:

“ Brothers and sisters, thank you for coming. ” He greeted them, fire projecting his shadow alongside the grass.

The pack of Wolf Trap replied with an imperious shout. Will felt the animal inside growling low, excited by the wave of beastly wilderness around him. All the Alphas had showed their claws and fangs, all Omegas bowed their heads in meekness. Will took Mischa in his arms and held her protectively to his chest. She was quiet, as if she could sense the change of atmosphere surrounding her.

“ Brothers and sisters, a threat is coming to us. ” Hannibal continued: “ Someone is trying to destroy the peace of our pack, endangering the lives of our children and mates. He cannot get away with that. He's one, we are many. Stronger, smarter, united.”

Another shout echoed the Leader's words. Will was filled with a tide of pride for his Alpha, handsome and powerful, and shouted like everyone, eyes shining, shivers running all over his body.

“ When you chose me as your Leader,” Hannibal resumed: “ I swore to protect all of you, Alphas and Omegas, males and females, adults and cubs. I fought for you, I bled for you, and I did it willingly. It was my duty, it is my duty and it will be, until time will tear away my fangs, blunt my claws or a worthy opponent will defeat me. ”

It was a replica of his acceptance speech, many years ago. Will never heard it, but Hannibal told him about that day. He should have looked like this: lean, strong, his hair like a mane scattered on his back. What a mighty beauty.

“ For this, I'm here to ask you, my brothers, my sisters, your help, and your awareness. Our enemy has already visited us, he has been seen. A tall, dark-haired Alpha with a cleft lip. He will attack during the night. Maybe tomorrow, surely in next days. We are not afraid of him, he's alone and he's a vile, coward creature, not a worthy Alpha. Protect your houses, your mates and children. Help me, my mate Will, my pup Mischa. Help our sister Alana, her mate Margot, their pup Morgan. This Alpha kills families with little children, but if a member of this pack is in danger, everyone is in danger. Protect each other. He will not crush us! Wolf Trap! ”

Hannibal ended his speech with a feral growl, echoed by all Alphas: a strange, primal warm rose in Will's chest, the certainty to be protected, to be shielded against every harm. At some stages of his life, he hated to be an Omega, but since he was with Hannibal he started to appreciate his nature. It was a good feeling, to be cherished and treasured. And, he had proved not to be helpless.

Will welcomed his husband in his arms, when he approached, overloaded by the calls and the voices of the pack. Hannibal embraced he and their daughter, and rested his forehead against his, eyes closed, his chest shaken by laboured breaths. The Alpha was still overpowering him, and a wild demeanor radiated from him like steam, his eyes shone with a wolfish possessiveness.

“ Alpha... Alpha. ” Will softened him up.

In a while, Hannibal was able to compose himself again, and left Will to speak to Jack and Alana. Margot, Bella and Will sat on a blanket, sharing some tea, while murmuring and the cracks of fires reverberated around them.

“ All Packs' Leaders are making similar proclaims just now. ” Bella said, cradling Mischa in her arms. Margot filled a cup for her and Will:

“ Still no clue about this guy? ” She asked. Bella shook her head:

“ Nothing, but it's not a surprise: wanderer are mostly anonymous. ” She replied.

Will lingered his eyes on their Alphas, brainstorming not far from them with some other pack's members.

“ He should had know that we were going to be alerted by his ambush. Why did he undercoverd like this? ” He wondered.

Bella shrugged:

“ Maybe he's growing hasty. He made a mistake. ” She supposed. Margot nodded:

“ Perhaps, he just gave up. ” She said. Will noticed her hopeful tone, clearly.

Will watched towards Hannibal again:

“ Yeah, you could be right. ” He cut short.

Later, he and Hannibal travelled the way home, again hand in hand, Mischa peacefully asleep in her stroller. The Alpha was watching distractedly to the stars. At a certain point, he pulled lightly Will towards him and kissed his hair:

“ What a strange night, sweetheart. ” He said, in a vague tone.

Will weaved an arm around his waist:

“ You were magnificent. The pack trust you. ” He stated, with a proud look.

Hannibal gave him a fond look, and sighed again:

“ And yet, I feel myself inadequate. But I trust them in their good sense: we're going to have some sleepless night, but we will catch this beast. ” He assured.

Their house was in sight, when Hannibal's phone started buzzing. He took the call:

“ Yes? ”

Will saw his face at first puzzled, then bewildered:

“ God, we were all at the clearing... Yes, I'm on my way. Wait for me. ”

He shut off the call, and turned to his mate:

“ A fire broke out at Verger's farm. Alana and Margot are fine, but I need to check out the situation. ”

He told him, and Will nodded:

“ Should I go home, lock me inside? ” He suggested, but Hannibal shook his head:

“ This could be a diversion. No, we take the car and go, together. ” He decided.

The limited calm Will had felt, suddenly vanished. The wanderer was trying to caught them by surprise, but they are ready, Will repeated to himself, fastening Mischa to the child seat, while Hannibal heated the engine. He sat next to him, faking a composure he didn't had, but Hannibal squeezed his hand:

“ I am with you, sweetheart. ” He promised. Will nodded faintly, and kissed him in an impulse, deeply. A nameless fear was taking over his heart. Hannibal stroked his face, smiled lightly to him and then turned on the car.

The fire blaze was clearly visible from afar. Police cars, fire trucks and a small group of people crowded the farm's borders, lights pierced the air with glimpse of blue and red, while smoke wrapped the whole scene.

Hannibal parked next the fence, and unfastened his belt:

“ Stay here with the baby. I'll come back as soon as possible. I'll send someone here.”

He kissed Will briefly and hurried out. Will gazed through the smoke, biting his bottom lip, but he couldn't see a thing. After a few minutes of hesitation, he tried to call Hannibal. No one was showing. The line was very broken, and he failed to contact him a couple of times, but at third, Hannibal picked up the phone:

“ Will, what's up? It's everything all right? ” He asked, through cracks and rustles. His voice was barely audible.

“ Did you sent someone here? ” Will said, trying to speak clearly and loud. Mischa woke up and bursted in tears.

“ Damn. ” Will blurted out. He got out the car and sat in the backseat, next to his child: “ Hush, darling, it's all right. It's all right, baby. ” He smoothed her, in a soft voice.

“ Will, are you there? ” Hannibal called from the phone.

“ Yeah, sorry... Mischa was crying. What's happening, Hannibal? ” Will replied.

“ I've sent an officer to you, ten minutes ago at least. The situation it's quite complicated here... there are victims...” Hannibal was saying, when his voice lowered, suddendly, and then vanished.

“ Hannibal? Hannibal! Damn.” Will called. He dialed the call again, but the phone was mute.

With the corner of the eye, Will saw a shadow outside the car, and cursed internally the nameless officer.

He moved to open the small door, but it was abruptly spread out, before he could touch the handle. Startled, he faced a gun pointed to him. With the heart pounding furiously, he freezed.

“ Don't run. ” The man at the other side of the gun ordered, dryly: “ I'll catch you. ”

Will stared at him, openly: even without the sunglasses and the cap, he could recognize the man from that very morning. For a second, he quickly pondered his possibilities: he couldn't risk to throw against him, he would have been shot immediately. Will shifted barely to his right, to cover Mischa and lifted his hands:

“ Alpha. ” He tried, recalling with frightening clarity his encounter with Randall Tier: “ I am an Omega, I am unarmed. Don't hurt me, please, Alpha. ”

Something, in the dark, blue eyes of the killer faltered. He looked less feral than Tier, but in a way, more dangerous. His cleft lip resembled more a fight wound, than a defect.

“ The keys. ” He commanded, in a firm tone.

Will thought for a second:

“ I don't have them. ” He retorted, trying to take time. The Alpha lifted again the gun:

“ There is a spare one. Where is it? ”

Will pointed at the dashboard, and the man moved, closing heavily the small door. The Omega continued to shield his child with his body, observing the killer turning on the engine, but not moving, yet.

Will understood that he was waiting for Hannibal, and he gasped, when the car reversed abruptly, and he heard the call from outside, desperate:

“ Will! ”

His eyes filled with tears, and he forced himself to not turn. All his focus should be with his daughter. Hannibal would have reach them, he was sure of it. Gotting away with that situation was on himself and himself alone.

“ Call your Alpha. Tell him to go home. ” The Alpha said, after a couple of minutes. Will obeyed again. So, he was bringing them to their house. He killed the families in their houses, after all. Will shivered, but he manged to dial the call. Hannibal answered immediately:

“ Will! God, are you all right? Mischa? ” He asked, out of breath, in a voice that Will never heard before. His heart clenched.

“ We are okay, Hannibal. We are going home...” He had the time to say, then the Alpha ripped off the phone from him and threw it in the front seat. He stayed quiet for the rest of the travel.

When he stopped the car, Will was shaking violently, but managed to maintain control. He got out the car with Mischa in his arms, obeyed again and entered in his house. With a startle, he thought about the dogs, and indeed, they barked loudly, while the killer raised the gun to them:

“ Shut up them, or I shoot. ” He warned Will, who hurried to hush the animals.

“ Sit down. ” He ordered, and Will did it, trying not to panic, holding Mischa tighter. For God's sake, she was quiet.

The Alpha sat on the opposite to Will, and crossed his hands on his knees, waiting for Hannibal, Will figured out. He left the front door open on purpose.

He was staring at Will, with blank eyes, and he gazed at him in return, doing everything to acquiesce his Alpha instinct. He kept his eyes soft, pliant, he moved his hair on one shoulder to expose his neck and throat and he hoped his soft sweater and pants revealed enough of his Omega curves to make him look meek, feminine, something which could tempt the Alpha instinct to protect, instead of killing. With Mischa in his arms, Will didn't dare to try a more aggressive demeanor.

The Alpha was studying him. After a while, he said:

“ Take your offspring to its crib. I can take care of it later. Don't try to run. ” He ordered. Will noticed the dehumanizing terms, but stood quietly and headed toward Mischa's bedroom.

Once tucked her in bed, he kissed her and took a couple of deep breaths, before coming downstairs again.

The killer pointed again the gun to him, until he was sat again:

“ I will kill your Alpha, Omega. You will watch, and then I will kill you. ” He announced.

“ Why, Alpha? ” Will tried, in a yielding voice. The killer stared at him again:

“ He's not a good Alpha and not a good Leader. But he's strong and you are strong, too. I will use your strenght to melt with mine, and nourish my Becoming. ” He told, in a reverent tone.

“ I don't understand, Alpha. ” Will said, in the same tone.

A smirk appeared on the killer's disfigured mouth:

“ How could you understand, Omega? But you seem respectful, I will give you this enlightenment. I am not just an Alpha, I am more. Superior. Higher. The Great Red Dragon showed me a better way to exist. I want everyone to testify my Becoming. ” He explained, in awe.

Will looked at him:

“ We are favored by you with a great gift. We are unworthy of it, Alpha. ” He flattered him.

“ You are unworthy, but you are respectful, Omega. I will give you a quick death, in regard.” The killer promised.

“ You are most generous, Alpha. ” Will thanked him, politely, restraining another shake. The guy was possessed, at least. His eyes twitched to the door. He never wanted Hannibal at his side, as in that very moment.

Hannibal was almost out of control, Jack could feel it. He never lost his composure, but his eyes were burning, while he watched his house, where his husband and daughter were kept prisoners.

“ Doc, you must stay calm. The police has already a plan, okay? Will and Mischa will be fine, do you understand? ” He tried to sooth him, but Hannibal growled low:

“ My mate and my child are in there, I have no time, Jack. ” He rebutted, then he turned towards him:

“ Will you help me, or not, Jack? ” He asked.

Jack hesitated, but eventually, he nodded, with a frown.

“ Good.” Hannibal stated, moving around the house. Jack followed him, quietly. Hannibal climbed the fence enclosing the porch:

“ Wait for my signal. ” He instructed Jack, and silent, he opened the backdoor.

Hannibal left his shoes outside and passed through the kitchen without a sound. In the aisle between the kitchen and the living room, he peeked through the door, seeing Will fixed on the couch. By the way he was staring in front of him, Hannibal figured out that the killer was in front of him.

He grabbed a little, but heavy ashtray from a table near the front door and moved quietly aside the door of the living room. He took a deep breath, then he tossed the ashtray inside the kitchen, hitting the cupboard and making an awful crashing sound of broken tableware.

He heard Will gasping and the Alpha standing suddently, running straight past him, hidden in the shadows.

Hannibal hurried inside the room, while he heard the record that Jack and he made, echoing from the outside:

“ Surrender, Alpha! We have guns! ”

Will jumped on his feet:

“ Hannibal! ” He exhaled, but his mate grabbed his hand:

“ Where's Mischa? ”

“ Upstairs.”

Hannibal turned to him:

“ Ok, Will, listen carefully. Take Mischa and run. Run, Will, please. ” He ordered him. Will stared him with wide eyes, but he hurried upstairs, and came back with Mischa in his arms. Hannibal led them through the front door and pointed to his car:

“ Go, Will! ”

+ He had just the time to see his mate climbing in the car, when a strong grip made him stumble backward. The Alpha clasped an arm around his neck and tried to suffocate him, but with a sudden bump, Hannibal pushed him to the wall and pinned him with his back. The killer had lost the gun, probably fighting with Jack, but he had strong hands. He hit his head with a fist, grunting, and Hannibal was forced to part from him, but he turned quickly and shoved him outside the front door. They both fell on the ground, screaming, but the killer stood up first and kicked Hannibal in the stomach. He managed to grab his feet and made him fall again. With rasp breaths, the killer extracted a knife from his pocket and stuck it in Hannibal's side.

With a snarl, Hannibal pressed his fingers to the wound, and retrieved his strenght to launch himself at his opponent, who shook him off and approached to strike again.

Suddenly, he was stopped by someone who dug a kitchen knife in his back. With a gasp, Hannibal recognized Will, who struck a second time, before been hit by a slap and fall.

Growling hard, Hannibal crawled to the other Alpha and bit viciously his ankle, making him waver. Without hesitation, Hannibal dug his fangs in the other ankle, tearing a scream from the man.

Will stood at his opposite, panting, but focused, the killer between them. Hannibal gazed at his mate, then he jumped on the back of the Alpha. Will run to him and sank the blade into his bowels, stripping along its width. Meanwhile, Hannibal bit hard at the killer's throat, tearing apart skin and flesh. Blood flooded on his face and chest, while his enemy collapsed at his feet. +

With rough breaths, Hannibal reached for Will, who stumbled to his side, then laid his head back and howled in triumph. Will embraced him and sank his face in his shoulder:

“ Alpha... Hannibal, my love... ” He murmured, in a faint voice.

Hannibal composed himself, kneeling on the ground and returned his hug:

“ You were supposed to leave, Omega. ” He whispered.

“ I couldn't leave without you. ” Will replied, shaking.

Hannibal smiled, gingerly, then he felt his strenght fail. Before he collapsed, he saw the beautiful, concerned face of his mate:

“ Hannibal...! ”

The Pack's Leader of Wolf Trap woke up some days later, in a pleasant, bright room. The scent of flowers and a glimpse of the woods could trick him to be at his home, if it wasn't for the insistent beeping of the hospital machinery. He blinked slowly: his enemy should have hit harder than he imagined at first: he felt faint aches all over his body and a stronger sting at his side. The knife, obviously.

Vile Alpha, using weapons instead of fangs and claws. Hannibal deeply despised him, even if he had not threaten his family and his pack.

A more pleasant scent than sanitizer, flowers and meds warned him of Will's presence. Hannibal bent his head, and found him asleep in a recliner aside the bed. He looked exhausted, his hair collected in a messy braid, his face pale, his body wrapped in the mint green vest which Hannibal liked so much. His left hand rested an inch far from his, he should have hold it just until falling asleep.

A love deeper and stronger than ever filled Hannibal's soul: his proud, magnificent Omega killed his enemy, put his own life at risk for him. What he had ever did, to deserve such a mate? With a feather touch, he took his hand and kissed his fingers, lingering with his lips on the wedding ring.

At this, Will woke up with a soft shiver, and looked at him, startled:

“ Hannibal... love, how are you feel? ” He asked, concerned, but fond.

“ Much better, now that I see you. ” Hannibal replied, with a smile: “ Mischa? ” He inquired. Will stroked his hair:

“ She's perfectly safe, love. Bella and Margot are taking care of her, now. ” Will assured.

Hannibal sighed:

“ Thank Heavens. ” He said, brushing his lips on Will's skin. He stared at him for a while, then said:

“ You were so brave, Will. But it's not a surprise, for me. ”

Will made a face:

“ You know, Hannibal, I think people is getting a bit afraid of me.” He confessed, with a chuckle.

He told him about the police questioning and the investigation: the Alpha's name was Francis Dolarhyde, and he and Randall Tier were part of a sect, or something: “ The Ravenstag Brothers”, wanderers Alphas with violent and mental tendencies, whom aspired to conquer packs, destroying the Leaders and their offspring and mates.

That sounded creepily familiar to Hannibal, but he had no desire to distress Will with old memories:

“ So, maybe this story is not really over, even it is for us. ” He said: “ I hope we had been in some help in their defeat, at least. ”

“ We had. ” Will confirmed: “ The police and the FBI already had someone arrested. It's a victory. ”

“ Like ours. ” Hannibal noted. Will blushed:

“ It was better than with Tier. ” He confessed, in a whisper. Hannibal looked at him with pride:

“ I always knew you were not a common Omega, sweetheart. Never feel ashamed of who you are. Everyone who is capable of a great love, is capable also of great violence. They are

strictly connected feelings. ” He stated.

Will stared him with soft eyes, with one of his mysterious looks, which still used to puzzle Hannibal so much. He stretched a bit in his recliner, then he bit his bottom lip and blushed a little:

“ I have something else to tell you, Hannibal.” He announced, in a sweet tone.

Hannibal seemed surprised:

“ Are you all right, Will? Dolarhyde didn't hurt you, right? ” He said, worried. He didn't smell blood or medications on him, even if his scent was a little stronger than usual. He blamed the poor sleeping and the poor food for that, anyway.

Will smile widened:

“ I'm fine, love, he didn't hurt me. But, when they examined me... they found something. Something good, actually. ” He told.

Hannibal was sure he was slowed by meds, because he couldn't understand. He squeezed his mate hand, urging him softly to speak.

“ I'm pregnant, Hannibal.” Will revealed, eventually, his smile so angelic, that Hannibal felt suddenly blessed.

It took him a few moments, to find words:

“ Oh, sweetheart... my love...” He managed to say, leaning forward to kiss him properly. Will returned his kisses, but, soon, he persuaded his husband to rest.

Maybe, their world of Alphas, Omega, packs and rituals could be weird, dark and violent sometimes, Will mused, caressing his mate. But in the end, love would always be the perfect boat to sail through its insidious waters.

Chapter End Notes

And it's the end.

I had a lot of fun writing this fic, and I've grown quite fond of these versions of our Murder Husbands, that we can call here " Fluffy Wolfish Cheesy Husbands". It was also my first attempt in A/O dynamic, I hope it's not terrible, I just wanted to realize a vision. I also have the idea of making a series of fics. One-shots, missing moments, maybe a sequel? But I don't want to promise anything, I am quite fickle in writing, so who knows?

The previous chapter were a bit revisioned.

A thousand times thank you to everyone who read it, left kudos, commented.

Baci baci baci (Kisses, kisses, kisses) and lot of love.

BlueSkiedandClear

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